

Cassandra and the Beautiful Catgirl from the Sky

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Cassandra and the Beautiful Catgirl from the Sky

by [lefemmerouge](#)

Summary

A young woman, trying to make amends for the errors of the past, and the harm she caused, comes across a catgirl who fell from the sky in an escape pod. She isn't sure what to expect. Both become closer than either one had intended. As a result, this young woman, a former lady-in-waiting, begins to have some romantic feelings for this mysterious catgirl, while the catgirl hopes to get in contact with her blond-haired girlfriend after her radio gets busted.

Notes

Hey everyone! Happy May 1st!

This fic was originally posted [on AO3](#) in late December 2023, but after the AO3 downage, I wanted to cross-post it here. It was also posted on here in late December 2024, when the fic was updated with revisions. That fic is listed in the inspirations. At the time, I said I would continue this fic in 2025, in another part, but that did not happen. When I saw a notice about a certain event on a certain site, I had to jump in. This fic fulfills the following prompt (which I created): "Should have some or all of the following: Aged-Up Character(s), Demisexual character, Asexual character, Asexuality, Demisexuality, Asexuality Spectrum, Childhood Friends, Humor, Crushes, catgirls, Hurt/Comfort, spaceships, Queer community, Polyamory". For the purposes of this fic, Catra is 22 and Cass is 25.

The first two lines of the original A/N wished people a happy December 25th while I said it had been a while since I posted fics on there. I revised the A/N also to reflect that this is being posted on here. After I posted this fic on AO3, I restricted comments, in June 2025, to registered users, due to spammers mucking it up. I will not be doing that with this fic, at this time. However, this fic was expanded from the original word count (4,049) to 4,808, adding 759 words (about 18.75%), plus adding the word "Beautiful" into the title. It is always a good thought exercise to revise your previous works and this fic is one of those. This fic's new wording makes the text stronger and gayer. It much improved from the original.

When posting it here I revised it again after reading it aloud. Also, this fic has been [posted](#) on the Internet Archive.

I started writing the original fic back in December 2022, but it wasn't until late 2023 I decided to pick it up again. Before writing this fic, I found there a few results for Catra and Cass on AO3 but neither were for the Catra/Cass ship. Not only was this fic, the FIRST Catsandra (Catra/Cassandra) fic on AO3 but it is the second fic on Squidge World to have this pairing. To this day, the original fic is the ONLY Catsandra fic on all of AO3. I left it open so that I could continue this story if I choose to do so. Let me know if you are interested in that in the comments! As always, comments and concrit, are welcome and deeply appreciated.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Cassandra and the Catgirl from the Sky](#) by [lefemmerouge](#)

At first glance, a slender catgirl with tan skin and heterochromatic eyes may seem to have nothing in common with a pale-skinned young woman, whose hair was often layered into a black bob with grey highlights. This couldn't be further from the truth. Both had been considered "villains" either for their abuse of power, cruel treatment of others, or attempted murder. However, these actions, among many others, which some derided as "malevolent" and "evil" did not occur in a vacuum. The catgirl was tortured, manipulated, and emotionally abused by Shadow Weaver, a powerful sorceress who had risen the ranks of an evil intergalactic empire named "the Horde." She had become the catgirl's commanding officer and her sort-of mother. Furthermore, the catgirl desired to prove herself as capable, following the departure of her blond-haired childhood friend, who left to discover her destiny as a magical sword-wielder. Under the belief that her friend completely abandoned her, she went down a road of vengeance, which was ultimately a factor in her downfall. The catgirl's acts of assault, mass destruction, an attempts to dominate the world, could easily be deemed "war crimes." She did all of this as the Horde's second-in-command primarily due to the aforementioned desire and her deep-seated trauma. In the end, she and her childhood friend began a romantic relationship.

The pale-skinned young woman had a similar story. She had been manipulated by an evil wizard named Zhan Tiri who sought the powers of the moonstone and sundrop for herself so she could get revenge for being trapped by an old wizard. The young woman was looked down upon by her good friend, the celebrated princess of Corona. Her rage manifested in acts of mass destruction, use of violence to intimidate and create panic, sabotage, blackmail, kidnapping, and more. That was in the past. She had profusely apologized to her aforementioned friend, who was in line to become the next Queen of Corona. That friend had recently married a supposedly handsome guy who she hated with all of her being, because she felt he was smug and tried too hard to be good. She knew that if she stayed around the castle, nothing would change for her friend or herself. So, she tearfully left. She resolved to go on her own personal journey, coming to terms with her previous actions, while attempting to make amends for the harm she had caused.

That brings us to the present. The pale-skinned woman was lying down on a hill. A light breeze blew across the grass blades, almost like someone playing a violin. Her hair moved with the wind, as did her brown cape and green tunic. She liked the sensation. She was so glad that she was there. Such an experience would have been impossible if she had stayed in the stuffy castle. She wished that everything would remain this peaceful and not change. She was tired of conflict, death, and destruction. She wanted no more of it. In some other galaxy, light years away, people were being massacred by terrifying weapons every day by

beings that looked just like her. In those places, some foolishly debated whether such killing was "justified" and manufactured reasons for genocidal actions carried out by their nation's soldiers, who were acting on orders by those who governed and demeaned those they killed as lesser beings.

In the back of her mind, she knew that this peace wouldn't last forever. After everything she went through, she deserved some time to reflect and come to terms with herself. She happened to look up to the sky. At that very moment, she saw a flaming object moving at an incredible speed toward the planet's surface. She shrugged it off. Suddenly, the pod was in view. She realized that unless she got out of the way, this strange unidentified flying object would smash her like a pancake. She desperately ran to a nearby tall tree at the edge of the clearing and climbed to the top. She wanted to be ready for whatever happened next. She planned to carefully observe this vessel before approaching it.

Not long after, the pod ended its descent and smashed into the ground with a huge explosion. It made a huge gash in the earth, with dirt flying every which way. Steam came from the outside of the vessel. It sizzled like the embers from dying fire. Suddenly, a part of the pod opened. A slender catgirl rolled out. She was clearly injured. The woman couldn't believe her eyes. *Who was this? Why was she here?* She would find out soon enough.

She overheard part of the conversation: "Adora! My pod crashed on this planet...I don't want to be here alone!...I need you here...can you please help me?...I'm so scared." The catgirl was shaking all over.

The radio crackled. There was a pause. The catgirl was extremely worried. "Catra, I can barely hear you," Adora replied. "Can you repeat that?" she asked.

Before Catra could say anything more, the radio unexpectedly caught fire. She threw it onto the ground and it *melted*. Not only was the device damaged, but with the vessel busted, perhaps beyond repair, she couldn't contact Adora! This was possibly the worst scenario. She couldn't believe this had happened. She didn't know what to do now. She was considering all her possible options.

She grumbled about how she was stranded on this mystery planet and couldn't get back. Although she didn't have as many abandonment issues as she had in the past, being away from Adora, even for a little bit, was a terrible pain to endure. After everything, she wanted this blond woman on her side. She didn't want to be apart from her. She stamped her foot on the ground and shouted, her voice echoing.

"I should have never taken this damn mission! That adorable goof got me again!"

She broke down and began crying. It wasn't supposed to be like this. This emotional outburst was cut short. She sensed that *someone* was watching her. It made her feel uneasy. She prepared herself for a possible attack.

Thanks to her feline ancestry, she could sense other nearby creatures, humanoid and not. Her catlike ears worked almost like sonar on ships used in the faraway world of Earth, a planet which she had never visited but would love to visit it sometime. She knew someone was out there. The pale-skinned young woman began to climb down the tree, hoping to make an escape. She felt relieved when reaching the ground. She started to run as quickly as she could. A hand touched her on the shoulder. She turned around. A menacing face was staring right into her hazel-colored eyes.

"Where do you think you are going?," Catra demanded.

The woman yelped and jumped back. She was utterly terrified. Even though this catgirl was from another world, in a strange coincidence, they could understand each other fine, without a translation device. None of them questioned that.

When she rubbed her eyes, she saw that the being in front of her *wasn't* something to be afraid of. This catgirl was clearly athletic. She had angular features, almond-shaped eyes, curving dark eyebrows, retractable black claws on her hands and toes. Adding to this, the catgirl had a long brownish prehensile cat tail, along with some light-brown and horizontal markings on her arms. The woman felt much more at ease.

She chuckled happily. She was so comfortable that she even started teasing her. "Your freckles are *really* cute."

Catra was taken aback. She didn't expect that someone she had only met would complement her so fast. Sheepishly, she responded. She didn't want to leave this woman hanging. "Thanks."

She held out her hand and smiled. She did exactly what Adora taught her to do when greeting inhabitants of each planet they visited. It was part of a plan to establish contact across the galaxy. "Hi, I'm Catra. What's your name?"

The woman smiled. She firmly shook Catra's hand. She was fine with sharing some information about herself. "Nice to meet you. I'm Cassandra. You can call me Cass for short."

Despite this friendly introduction, Catra was skeptical. She could see that Cass had a sword inside a brown leather sheath tied to her black belt, which had a weathered gold buckle. She presumed that Cass had good acrobatic skills. *After all, who climbs a tree anyway? And why?* She was

curious about that. With her sharp black claws on her toes and hands, she could climb a tree. Despite that, it could prove difficult, especially on a 100-foot tree that the other woman had scaled. Wood fibers from the tree could get into parts of her claws, making it very painful to climb a tree of that height. As such, scaling trees wasn't a thing she liked to do, unless they were very short.

Regardless of her wariness toward Cass, a woman who was three years older than her, she decided to join her anyway. She didn't really have much of a choice.

"So...I'll come with you," she began. She then added a qualifier to her remark. "If you can find me someone who can fix my...radio...I'll travel with you."

Cass had no idea what a "radio" was. She had never heard anyone ever use that word from what she could remember. Even so, she preferred to walk with this cat-like woman. This catgirl reminded her of *a grouchy tabby cat* that hung around one of the bars near the island of Corona. Walking with her would be better than fighting her, of course. "Sure, I'll take you to my...friend. He's bound to know what to do with...that device."

After Catra grabbed the broken radio, they hid the pod so no one would find it by accident. Afterward, they began walking towards the newly established Varian Institute of Knowledge, otherwise known as VIK. On the walk there, Cass attempted to push Catra into revealing more about herself. She wanted to know more about this girl prior to their meeting with Varian. Although he had turned against her in the past, when she was consumed by the Moonstone, and mentally manipulated by Zhan Tiri, she had *almost* forgiven him. At the time, she had been working for Zhan Tiri and wasn't fully herself. Even so, her reasons for lashing out, and the trauma she endured, weren't imaginary. They were real.

"So, Catra, why'd you come to this planet, anyway?"

Catra hesitated. She wondered if she could trust Cass. Adora's advice came to mind: Always assume best intentions. She decided to follow that advice...this time. She decided to tell her about Adora. What would be the harm in doing so? "Well, if you must know, my *GIRLFRIEND* Adora, tasked me with this mission, to make contact with other worlds...since we saved the universe after all."

This forthrightness astonished Cass. Corona, and nearby royal realms, did not have any laws in place which directly condemned or prohibited same-sex romances. However, there was a strong *social stigma* against it, despite efforts of her princess friend, and her friend's family, who comprised the ruling royal family of Corona, to encourage more

acceptance. Cass had never been in such a relationship herself, so she was curious about it. "So, what's that like?"

Catra looked at her strangely. She wasn't sure what Cass meant, causing the former lady-in-waiting to attempt to make her point even clearer. She didn't want to seem insensitive. She didn't want to cause their new friendship to fracture.

"You know, being together...with a girl...I liked this girl *once*, but...we never got romantically involved."

Even on her home planet of Etheria, no one had ever asked Catra such a direct question. The "right" way to respond alluded her. She wanted nothing more than for this conversation to be over. It made her uncomfortable. She was someone who didn't like to reveal much about her private life, especially to those she had just met. She thought that if she could brush it off, they could move onto another topic. That was her hope, at least.

"Well...I'm new to it all, but I was drawn to Adora pretty quickly, attracted to her looks, her physical traits, her voice, smell, and hair style."

She then sheepishly added, "I never predicted that my kiss with her would save the entire world...that was...*novel*...to say the least."

Cass laughed. Catra stared at her. She was furious. Was this woman making fun of her? How dare her! Cass waved her hands and moved her head side-to-side. She tried to clear up the misunderstanding.

"No, I'm not making fun of you at all...I just *haven't* been sexually attracted to someone like that...at least not at first...only after I [got to know](#) the prin...my childhood friend," she said. She breathed deeply, then continued. This was very hard to admit. "Otherwise, I experienced *some* attraction, but it was more [romantic](#) and emotional, than anything sexual."

Catra had never met anyone like Cass. All the people back in Etheria seemed lovey-dovey, at least now that the war with the Horde had come to end. She *hated it*. From what she could tell, all of them found other people sexually appealing, whether that person was male, female, or something else entirely. *Each person* tried to attract others with sex appeal. The only one possibly outside of this, she could think of, due to her love of robots, often more than people (with a few exceptions) was the extremely techy ex-princess, Entrapta. For her, sex drive, or what some called libido, probably wasn't a major desire. Sure, she liked being around women, and perhaps men, but Catra didn't know her exact [pattern of sexual attraction](#), nor her [pattern of romantic connection](#) with others. She had never asked her something so personal. She believed it

wasn't her business to ask. However, she knew one thing about herself: *she loved girls*. She never had any romantic or sexual feelings for men. She had those feelings for one woman in particular: her childhood friend, Adora.

As they continued talking, and making their way toward the VIK, Catra wanted to know one thing about the woman she was walking alongside: *who was this "friend" Cass had mentioned? Did she mean to say "princess" when she cut herself off, earlier?* Although she saw the risk in asking about it, she knew that she'd regret it if she didn't clear this up. Who knows when Adora and the rest of the crew would come to her aid? With her broken radio, it could be weeks, or months before they arrived. So, she needed to become friends with this other woman. Something interrupted her train of thought. She saw a poster on the ground. A grinning fair-skinned, rosy-cheeked girl took up most of the page.

Below that were all a few sentences: "Come to Rapunzelpalooza, the best festival in Corona! There are pans, mans, naans, sands, and, of course, bands! Come one, come all!" A notice on the bottom, in very small type, stated, "Image of Princess Rapunzel may not reflect reality." Catra let out a howl of laughter. It was the funniest thing she had seen all day and that was saying something. *Who was this adorable goof?* She almost reminded her of Adora.

Cass caught sight of the poster. She would always remember the large green eyes, brown eyebrows and eyelashes, the light freckles near the nose, her slender body, and her brownish (formerly golden blond) hair. "Yeah, that's the girl I was talking about, Princess Rapunzel," Cass said. Not long after, they entered the VIK, and came to a reception desk. Catra was shocked at Cass's revelation. Then, she realized that perhaps it wasn't that surprising.

Neither one had a chance to say anything because a receptionist spoke first. "What is your query?" the disembodied voice blared at them. It reminded Catra of that weird administrator Adora talked to in the Crystal Castle, or whatever that place was called, all that time ago. Cass shouted back: "I'd like to see Varian!" As it processed her response, a door slammed open. A 17-year-old man, wearing a long-sleeved beige collared shirt and a maroon vest, stepped forward. His deep brown gloves matched his brown pants, mahogany brown utility belt, and boots. The latter were a mix of dark maroon and khaki. His gloves shined under the light.

"Hi, Cassie!" he yelled. He guided them through the corridors and back to his laboratory. Cass grimaced. "Varian, I told you to *NEVER* use that nickname." He tried to laugh it off. He knew what would happen if he crossed her. In the past, he had been on her wrong side. It didn't end well for him. He nearly died in the process. "I won't do that again, Cass," he

said apologetically. Catra started to wonder what their relationship was like. She was aware that Cass once had feelings for another woman. She started to think that Cass, maybe, had feelings for this guy, too. Of course, she couldn't worry about that now. Still, the question would continue to gnaw away at her.

As they entered his laboratory, he closed the door behind them. He stepped back from Cass, and moved behind a table a few feet away, in an effort to distance himself. "So, what brings you here, today?," he asked. Catra piped up before Cass could say anything. She wanted this problem to be resolved *as soon as possible*. She needed to talk to Adora again. "I have this...radio. Can you fix it?"

She held out the busted device. Varian was amazed. He had never seen anything like it before. To concoct the charade that he knew what he was doing, even though he didn't, he told them to wait outside.

"I'll start working on this...you all wait near the front door, and then...I'll let you know when I'm done."

Catra didn't like the sound of the way he was talking about this as he sounded very unsure. On the other hand, she knew she had no other choice. *Who else could repair her radio?*

Once they had made it out of Varian's earshot, and were standing near the VIK's front door, Catra got to ask her question. She whispered to her friend. "So, were you and Varian like... a thing?"

Cass looked at Catra funny. She shook her head. *Why would Catra even ask this?* She needed to nip this in the bud.

"I *only* like women...I never once had any feelings for men, including Varian." She took this a step further. "Also, he is eight years older than me? Why in the living hell would I ever, in a million years, be with someone that is that much older than me? That isn't right. That's pretty messed up." Catra wanted to know a little more. She had to make sure she had this right. She didn't have to ask. But, it would eat away at her if she didn't.

"So, if I got this right, Varian is your good friend, and that's it?"

Cass nodded. She snickered. She wanted to set the record straight, a final time. No more of these damn questions! "Yes, you are right. I see him as a good friend, and *that's all*."

In many ways, this put Catra at ease. Her romantic and sexual orientations aligned. For Cass, they did not. As she now knew, Cass's romantic attraction only cropped up when she got to know Rapunzel in an almost intimate way. Her sexual attraction to others was non-existent.

Even so, in some ways, she felt that Cass was someone she could talk to about stuff like this. This was because Cass, like her, wasn't attracted to men, making her feel comfortable.

Just then, Varian came out of the laboratory. He was sullen. His face had a look of dejection. Catra had a sense that something was wrong. She knew this was not a good sign.

"Your...device...the radio as you call it...I can't figure out how to get it working again. I'm sorry."

Catra had been half-expecting this. She sighed. She believed that all was lost. Perhaps she would be on this planet for a long while *before* Adora found her. More than anything, she worried about Adora. She *wanted* to be embraced by her again. The feeling of being apart from her made her anxious once again. Not long after, Varian went back inside. He was embarrassed by the fact that he hadn't been able to help.

Out of nowhere, a greyish ship landed nearby. A ramp descended. Two figures walked out. One of them was a 20-something young woman with blonde hair. Another was a young woman with prehensile hair, which had the color of lilac. As they walked across the ground, the blond-haired woman ran toward Catra, almost at full-speed, with a sense of glee and happiness. She was overjoyed to see her.

"I'm so happy to see that you are okay!" she exclaimed.

Catra replied in-kind. "Yeah, I'm fine. I was almost *losing myself* that you weren't beside me...Adora."

Knowing what Catra had said about Adora, Cass could see exactly why Catra liked her. She could also *sense* their close relationship. She didn't want to mess with that. She felt that it wasn't her place to do so.

Since she was focusing so intensely on her new friend and friend's girlfriend, she didn't notice the other woman until he was inches from her face. She had very little time to respond. Only seconds later, the woman stared at the sword Cass had within a sheath on her belt. She was incredibly fascinated. "Ooh, I like that sword...can I touch it?"

Cass backed away. This woman seemed like trouble. "Uh, no thanks. I'd like to keep it... but thanks for asking."

She tried her best to redirect the conversation. *Maybe this woman wasn't as bad as she thought?* She hoped that was the case. Why not make another friend?

"I'm Cass. What's your name?" Entrapta backed up a little, just as Cass had done, after realizing that she wasn't willing to hand over her sword.

She had dealt with this kind of rejection before. She was still working on her social skills.

"I'm Entrapta," she began. "I'm not always great with meeting other people for the first time...so sorry about that."

She shook Cass's hand with her prehensile hair. While Cass found this weird, she didn't mind. It wasn't the strangest thing she had seen or done in her life. Catra started walking toward the ship, with her hand interlinked with Adora's. Entrapta could see the longing look in Cass's eyes. While she wasn't the best when conversing with others, she *could tell* when people had feelings for each other. She just happened to have a device to possibly help temper those feelings.

"It just so happens that...I have these subspace radio...so you can *both* keep in contact, after we leave." She used her hair to hand one device to Catra and another device to Cass.

While Catra walked away with her girlfriend, she attempted to hide her feelings. *What would Adora think if someone had a crush on her partner?* She didn't know. She didn't want to know the answer to that question.

"I guess this is goodbye," Catra said. She waved to Cass, who waved back. She was sad to see Catra go. She was started to become despondent. She had finally found someone who got her, even though they had only been together a couple of hours. She hoped that someday, this catgirl would visit again. It was a slim chance, but she clung to it, nonetheless. As the ship departed in the blink of an eye, she stood there, alone. A tear went down her cheek. She walked back to the clearing where Catra had first arrived in her escape pod, that same day. She uncovered the pod and leaned against it, with a sigh.

She quietly spoke her mind. "I really miss her...I wish she could have stayed here forever." She paused. She hoped no one heard her. "She was really pretty. I almost wish I had kissed her." Unbeknownst to her, the subspace radio was turned on. Catra, and everyone on aboard the spaceship, which Entrapta had named *Darla*, could hear *every word*. They even heard the subsequent crying of Cass, as her back continued to lean against the escape pod.

This embarrassed Catra to no end. Adora and Entrapta were speechless. She was about to speak, and reply, but Entrapta snatched the device out of Catra's hands. She turned the knob which allowed her to speak on the subspace radio. She wanted to see this relationship progress since she found it fascinating. She almost shouted her words through the speaker part of the device.

"Catra forgot to tell you she LOVES you...and...uh, your radio device is on...we...all heard what you just said."

Cass couldn't be more mortified at what this techy ex-princess had said to her. Was she telling the truth? *Had Entrapta set her up?* She wasn't sure. She was unsure how to respond. How *should* she respond? She heard Catra demanding the subspace radio back. She could tell immediately when Catra snatched the device away from Entrapta. There was no mistaking it: Catra was on the other end. She nearly gulped.

"I'm so sorry about that, Cass. I...thought you were uh...pretty too...and I'll miss you dearly...Let's talk soon...love and kisses!"

Her words made Cass's face began to heat up as she blushed almost uncontrollably. Did the catgirl have a crush on *her*? Cass began beaming. Catra almost felt the positive energy coming toward her, even though they were far away.

"Thanks for saying that." She paused, then continued speaking. "...and next time, I'll bring you to Corona Island so you can meet Rapunzel too, if you'd like that."

Catra wanted to give her one more tip before they stopped talking. She didn't want their time together to end. However, they had other places to go. Adora was getting antsy and *possibly* jealous, as she did in these kinds of situations.

"That sounds great...Just turn the knob on the top of the device to turn it off...*talk to you soon.*"

The device went dead. Cass did what Catra instructed. The static ended and the sound stopped. She sighed. Seeing how late in the day it was, she decided that she'd sleep in the escape pod that night, then move on to another town, in the morning. After all, she *didn't have* a permanent home these days. She was a bit of a wanderer, a nomad of sorts, and it was a life she didn't mind, at all.

Back on the greyish ship, Adora started questioning Catra. She wanted to know who Cass was and why she was *so familiar* with Catra. She didn't like how her girlfriend had said another girl was pretty, called for "love and kisses," or said that she would miss her dearly. Who in the world was this woman? She hated it. The whole idea made her angry. Those feelings came out in how she spoke to her.

"You are *my* girlfriend, remember...*I don't* want you palming around with some other beautiful girl."

Catra shook her head. She couldn't believe this. It almost sounded like Adora jealous of her! She wouldn't put it past her.

"Don't worry. Nothing happened between us. She *probably* has feelings for me, but *that's okay.*"

Adora didn't want to act controlling or anything. She was just worried. She didn't want to give off the wrong impression.

"I don't want you to get in a tight spot and all...this Cass woman seems nice, but I'd like to know her a bit more if you...uh...*begin dating* or something."

Catra was surprised by Adora's response. She hadn't even thought about beginning a romantic relationship with Cass at all. It hadn't even come to her mind. *Could she even do that?* Adora seemed open to it, which she had not expected.

"I'm not sure how I feel about Cass...yet...but let's go together next time...and we can invite her to join us on *Darla*."

Adora smiled. It sounded like a swell idea. After all, with their universe-wide adventures, they didn't have a fixed place to call home, anymore, at least not these days. "I'd like that."

Having a sense that Cass had no permanent residence either, Catra said, "us wanderers have to stick together." The spaceship sped through the folds of hyperspace, ready to reach the next destination.

Whether the catgirl met the former lady-in-waiting again was within the realm of possibility. As the saying goes, time apart makes the heart grow fonder. That was certainly the case for Catra and Cass, without a doubt...

End Notes

For this fic, I aged-up Varian by one year, as I did with everyone else, as Cass was 24 at the end of the series, and Catra was 21, since this is set one year after the Tangled series finale and one year after the She-Ra finale. The [dating range calculator](#) (based on the popular "Half-Your-Age-Plus-Seven" rule, if you believe in that rule at all) says that if Varian is age 17, then the youngest he should date someone is 15.5, and the highest is 20. Cass is four years beyond the highest number, meaning there is an eight-year-age gap between them, if Cass is age 25, or seven years if she is age 24! If they were in a romantic relationship, it could arguably be a case of [ephebophilia](#) (primary sexual interest, [by an adult](#) in mid-to-late adolescents who are ages 15-19), at those ages, unless Varian was a few years older. In addition, since Cass is clearly a lesbian (the vibes are there in the series, I'd say), such a romantic relationship makes even less sense. I see them as friends and nothing more, which is why I cringe at the Cassarian folks out there. I make this crystal clear in my story.

In addition, I used information from the "Catra" and "Shadow Weaver" pages on the She-Ra and the Princesses of Power wiki and the "Cassandra," "Varian," and "Rapunzel" pages on the Tangled wiki. The "Cassandra's Outfits" page on the Tangled Wiki was especially helpful. Other interesting Catra ships I may write about in the future include Amitra (Amity Blight and Catra as friends), Catfuma (Catra and Perfuma), and Glitra/Sparkle Kitten (Glimmer and Catra). I used some of the "crimes" listed on the villains' wiki at the beginning of this story. One of the lines is based on what Steven Universe says in Steven Universe: The Movie ("I want everything to stay exactly like this and never change") before Spinel comes down riding her injector. I've thought that Entrapta was possibly asexual, although she could be bisexual as well. Probably Corona has some level of compulsory heterosexuality, but Rapunzel is working to counteract it. I originally was going to include Bow in this story, but decided against it, because I think it would be more interesting if she met Bow and Glimmer together, rather than Bow on his own. If I do end up continuing this and make it a series, I may have Cass come to Etheria, or talk to Bow and/or Glimmer.

This fic originally posted on Sunset, a femslash fanfic site. However, it was removed when I was sadly perma-banned on April 17th for mishandling interactions with a few users, despite apologizing to those users, removing certain passages of fics, and apologizing to the Sunset admin (and others). As such, I would strongly recommend **against** *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove. Both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance

deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a much better way.

I do not want this fic to be lost. I have not included some tags I had on there (like Exclusive to Sunset, possible pre-relationship (used Past Relationship(s)), first Catra/Cass fic on here!, Queer Community (used Queer Themes), and Word Count: More than 2500), but other tags have been retained. On Sunset, it was listed as part of three series: "My Femslash Refresh 2026 Collection", "Catgirls, Tattoos, and Everything Nice: My Assorted SPOP Fics" and "From Blonde Hair to Catgirls: My Tangled Fics."

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